

PROG 460
8 MAR 86

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

£1.60 Malaysia
70c Australia
70c New Zealand
88c Mercury
310s Vatican
88s Spain
10s Luxembourg
110s Switzerland
2s France
429s Singapore

24p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

I BEEN IN
250 FIGHTS!

DON'T WORRY...

NOBODY LOSES
ALL THE TIME.



NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

Whenever I talk to the Squaxx dek Thargo about my cosmic comic, you can bet your bottom groat that certain stories will be mentioned time and again. *Nemesis* Book 1, published towards the end of 1981, for example – “What I wouldn’t give to see that again!” they cry. Then there’s the *Strontium Dog* classic, the ‘Kid Knee Caper’, from around the same era – “A classic!” they say. The list is virtually endless... “*Judge Dredd* in ‘Lips Lazarus’ – a corker!” “What about *Rogue Trooper* in ‘Bagman Blues’? I’d sell my ageing relative to see that hit the pedways again!” “Personally, the story I’d most like to re-read is the *Time-Twister* ‘The Reversible Man’, in which I believe Alan Moore scaled new heights of philosophical comic strip fiction, don’t you, Tharg?” (I tell you, Terrans, I wish I had a plastic cup for every time I’ve been asked that.) Anyway, by a truly amazing coincidence, all of the above stories are on sale in *The Best of 2000 AD Monthly* No. 7, easily identifiable by its McMahon and O’Neill covers, and priced 65 Earth pence. It’s on sale at a thrill-merchant near you – now!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG

STRONTIUM THARG

Drawn by Earthlet Matthew Johns,
Quedgeley, Glos. £10 Winner.



Drawn by Earthlet Paul Skinner,
Maldstone. £10 Winner.

MEGA-CITY MUTANT

RELIEF FOR EARTHLET PAYNE

Dear Sir,

After obtaining all of your previous *Judge Dredd Annuals*, this year I was unfortunately unable to do so. Could you please give me an address where I would be able to obtain one? I would be grateful if you could do this, as it would leave me with a perfect collection and give me considerable enjoyment.

From Earthlet N. Payne, Trowbridge.

£5 Winner.

Your best bet is to write to a specialist comic shop such as Forbidden Planet in London, and ask if they have any annuals left in stock. You should also ask your local thrill-merchant to reserve your copy of the next annual, on sale in the Autumn, so this doesn’t happen again.

ART DROIDS – THE LOW DOWN

Dear Tharg,

In Prog 441, Earthlet Mark Armstrong asked how long it took an art droid to draw a story. I wondered what happens to an art droid if he is late for a deadline; and also, who your fastest recorded art droid is.

From Earthlet Nathan Williams, Poole. £5 Winner.

None of my droids would dream of being late for a deadline. Such behaviour would strike them as amateur, and they are all far too professional to allow that. The fastest droid is Steve Dillon. He is very fast indeed, which is just as well considering his limited concentration span.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

1.
2.
3.

I Dislike:

My Age Is 460

PROGS : HUDDERSFIELD AND BACK

Dear Mighty One,

I thought it might be useful for Squaxx dek Thargo in Yorkshire to know of another dealer in back progs. He is to be found on Saturdays at Stall 33 in the main Huddersfield market, and his prices are very good. I am at present compiling an index of all the stories ever printed in your zarjaz comic – a complex task – and I’d be grateful if you could tell me the prog numbers of *Meltdown Man* and *The Mean Arena*, as I’m missing a few here.

From Earthlet Neil Rutherford, Stall 32,
Huddersfield. £5 Winner.

Meltdown Man brightened up Progs 178 – 227;
The Mean Arena performed for the Squaxx dek Thargo in three bursts: Progs 178 – 180,
182 – 202 and 218 – 282.

ADVERTISEMENT STAMP QUIZ DO YOU KNOW?

1. What country puts ESPANA on its stamps?
2. Was the “PENNY BLACK” the first stamp?
3. Does JERSEY issue stamps?
4. Do Irish stamps have “EIRE” on them?

PRIZES: We will send you 25 choice stamps free for each correct answer. 150 dwt. fine stamps free (catalogued about £7.50) plus the famous 118-year-old British PENNY RED stamp (Cat. 80p) for 4 correct answers. (max. number of stamps you can receive is 151). We will also send you our wonderful New Approvals. Post free. Please inform your parents.

UNIVERSAL STAMP CO (Dept. AD7)
Eastington, Gooles, North Humberdale DN14 7QG

FREE – IN THIS WEEK’S BUSTER-MAGIC NUMBERS CARD GAME!

Published every Monday by IPC Magazines Ltd., King’s Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS. 2000 AD must not be sold at more than the recommended selling price shown on the cover. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription facilities (inland and overseas) are not now available. All rights reserved and reproduction without permission strictly forbidden. Printed in England by Southernprint Ltd, Poole, Dorset. © IPC Magazines Ltd., 1986.

THE LANDING SHIPS WERE BIG, PADDED THINGS: TWO-THIRDS SHOCK ABSORBER. THIS IS BECAUSE ON MOAB, YOU DON'T MAKE SOFT LANDINGS. IT'S A GIANT PLANET.

YOU ONLY HAVE TO GET WITHIN REACH OF IT...

... AND THE GIANT HUGS YOU TO ITS BREAST HARD ENOUGH TO DRIVE THE WIND FROM YOUR LUNGS.

A HUGE G-SHIELDED SURFACE CRAWLER CAME AND FERRIED US TO THE TUNNEL-SYSTEMS ENTRANCE.

IT WAS FUNNY... EVERYBODY'S CLOCKS AND WATCHES HAD STOPPED. WE FIGURED IT WAS THE LANDING IMPACT (WHICH BROKE MONA'S BIG TOE).

DESPITE THE IMPACT, OUR LANDING WAS SILENT. SOUND WAVES AREN'T FAST ENOUGH TO ESCAPE THE GRAVITY HERE.

ON THE CRAWLER WE MET OUR FIRST MOABITE FRIENDLIES. THEY'RE ALL SORT OF PEAR-SHAPED, AS IF THEIR BODY FAT HAS SETTLED.

ALSO, THEY ALL BELONG TO AN ANCIENT TERRESTRIAL PURITAN CULT THAT FORBIDS EVERYTHING.

THIS PLACE REALLY LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO BE A WHOLE LOT OF FUN.

The Ballad Of

HALO JONES

9: The Gravity Of The Situation

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT: ROBERT ALAN MOORE
ART: ROBERT IAN GIBSON
LETTERING: ROBERT STARKINGS
COMPU-73

OBVIOUSLY, THE RELIGION ON MOAB ARRIVED WITH THE COLONISTS. THEY ALL CARRY THIS BLACK "BOOK" THING FULL OF VIOLENT, FRIGHTENING STORIES, LONG SINCE BANNED ON EARTH.

APPARENTLY, THEY TAKE THEIR NAME FROM SOME ANCIENT TRIBE.

THIS TRIBE WERE DESCENDANTS OF LOT. LOT WAS SOME GUY WHOSE WIFE TURNED INTO A PILLAR OF SALT BECAUSE SHE LOOKED BACK AT SOMETHING OR OTHER.

I GUESS EVERYBODY HAS TO BELIEVE SOMETHING.

AROUND OUR NEW BARRACKS, A LOT OF PEOPLE HAVE STARTED BELIEVING IN MONA JUKE'S, OF ALL PEOPLE...

LISTEN, I'M STICKIN' NEAR YOU, JUKE'S! YOU LEAD A CHARMED LIFE.

B-BUT MY TUM TOE IS BROKEN.

WHO CARES? LISTEN... ON LOBIS LOYO, YOU SURVIVED A SNIPER, AND REPORTED SICK THE NIGHT YOUR PLATOON GOT DECIMATED!

YOU'RE THE SORT WHO COMES OUT OF WARS UNSCATHED. YOU'RE NATURALLY LUCKY!

I-I-I AM?

SURE YOU ARE. I DUNNO. YOU JUST SORTA RADIATE GOOD FOR-TUNE...

HOY, YOU GUYS! I JUST BEEN THROUGH THE MESS COMPLEX, AN' THEY GOT MEN SERVING HERE ON MOAB!

MEN? CHEESSES, I REMEMBER THOSE!

W-W-WAIT! I C-CAN'T WALK. SOME-BODY G-GIVE ME A HAND.

D-DON'T LEAVE ME BEHIND. I'M N-NATURALLY LUCKY!

MONA NEEDN'T HAVE WORRIED. MOAB'S PASSAGeways ARE SO COMPLICATED, FINDING THE MESS COMPLEX TOOK FOREVER, EVEN WITHOUT A BROKEN TOE.

A TUNNEL SOCIETY, SHUT AWAY FROM THE LIGHT. IT REMINDS ME OF THE HOOP.



REALLY, WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THERE'D BE MEN HERE. THIS IS WARZONE ONE. THEY NEED EVERYBODY.

IT'S THE KEY PLANET IN EARTH'S CAMPAIGN. IF MOAB FALLS TO EARTH, SO DOES THE WHOLE TARANTULA NEBULA...



...WHEREUPON WE CAN MINE AND EXPORT TARANTULA'S MINERAL WEALTH INSTEAD OF EARTH'S WATER, WHICH THE DOLPHIN STEERSMEN SAY WE CAN'T SELL ANYMORE.

AFTER THAT, GALACTIC ECONOMY RECOVERS AND EVERYBODY'S HAPPY. AT LEAST, THAT'S THE THEORY.



SO ANYWAY, THAT'S WHY WE NEED MEN ON MOAB. (AND BELIEVE ME, HAVING SEEN THE MEN IN QUESTION, THAT'S THE ONLY REASON.)

HUH! Z'BUNCHA WIMMEN.

HUH. SAY, ANY O' YOUZE WIMMEN BRING ANY NEAT WEAPONS WIT YA?



HUH. SEE DIS FACE? ALL DESE SCARS? I MUSTA BEEN IN TWO-HUNNED FIFTY FIGHTS, EASY.

YEAH, WELL, DON'T GET DIS COURAGED. NOBODY LOSES ALL THE TIME.

THE MALE SOLDIERS WERE SLABS ... SPECIAL LABOUR AUXILIARY, BIO-ENGINEERED.



I'D SEEN THE REGULAR WORKER-SLABS BEFORE, BUT THE MILITARY MODEL WAS NEW ON ME. I CAN'T SAY I CARE FOR IT.



LIKELIKE THE TARANTULAN FOOD, WITH ALL THAT CONGEALED MAMMARY FLUID CHEESE STUFF. UGGH.

ON THE OTHER HAND, IF I HADN'T BEEN SO DISGUSTED WITH THE FOOD, I WOULDN'T BE WRITING THIS NOW...

WHAT ARE THESE?

EGGS FRIED. YOU WANT SOME?

EGGS? WHAT YOU MEAN, FROM OUT OF SOME ANIMAL'S OVARIES? YOU MEAN... TO EAT?

ARE YOU JESTERING ME?

NO JOKE. SEE... EGGS OVER THERE. NOW, YOU WANT SOME OR NOT?

NO! OF COURSE I DON'T! WHAT DO YOU THINK I...?

UH... ARE THEY ALL SUPPOSED TO BE CRACKED LIKE THAT?

CRACKED? ARE YOU CRAZY? THOSE EGGS AREN'T...

...CRACKED...

GET OUT! EVERYBODY GET OUT! THE GRAVITY SHIELDS ARE FAILING!

AW NO. AW NO. LET ME OUDDA HERE!

I KNEW IT! I STARTED TO GET A HEAD-ACHE AND I KNEW IT!

THE SIRENS STARTED AS EVERYBODY RAN FOR THE EXIT. I FELT A TERRIBLE PRESSURE, IN MY HEAD, ON MY BODY...

BEHIND ME, AS THE GRAVITY SHIELDS FAILED, THE EGGS STARTED EXPLODING.



IT WAS LIKE A NIGHTMARE OF RUNNING WITH HEAVY LEGS. EVERYBODY WAS TRYING TO REACH THE EXIT BEFORE THE SHIELDED DOORS SEALED THE FAULT AREA OFF.



WE MET MONA, JUST ARRIVING.

THERE WAS ONE SOLDIER STUCK AT THE REAR ... A WOMAN I DIDN'T KNOW.



THE DOORS WERE CLOSING AS SHE RAN FOR THEM. THE GRAVITY HELD HER BACK.

I WAS STARING INTO HER EYES WHEN SHE REALISED SHE WOULDN'T MAKE IT.



SHE TURNED AWAY FROM ME, TO WATCH THE EGGS EXPLODING...



... THEN THE DOORS SHUT AND WE FELT THE TUNNELS SHAKE AS THE GRAVITY SEAL IN THE ABANDONED SECTOR RUPTURED COMPLETELY.



APPARENTLY, IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME.

HOY! YOU SEE JUKES? SHE WAS LATE ENOUGH GETTIN' DOWN HERE TO AVOID ALL THE DANGER!

IT'S LIKE I SAID... SHE'S CHARMED!

MY N-NOSE IS BLEEDING.



AS I HELPED MONA BACK TO THE BARRACKS WE PASSED LOT'S WIFE, LOOKING BACK AND TURNING TO SALT, AND I THOUGHT OF THE SOLDIER (SOMEONE ELSE'S WIFE?) TURNING BACK TO LOOK AT THE EGGS.



I WONDERED IF SOMEBODY WOULD START A RELIGION AROUND HER SOMEDAY. I GUESS NOT.

YOU CAN'T BUILD THE STATUE OF A SMEAR.

NEXT PROG THE CRUSH

Slaine

EYLFRIK FORCED SLAINE TO BEHOLD THE ABOMINATION IN ALL ITS HORRENDOUS REALITY...

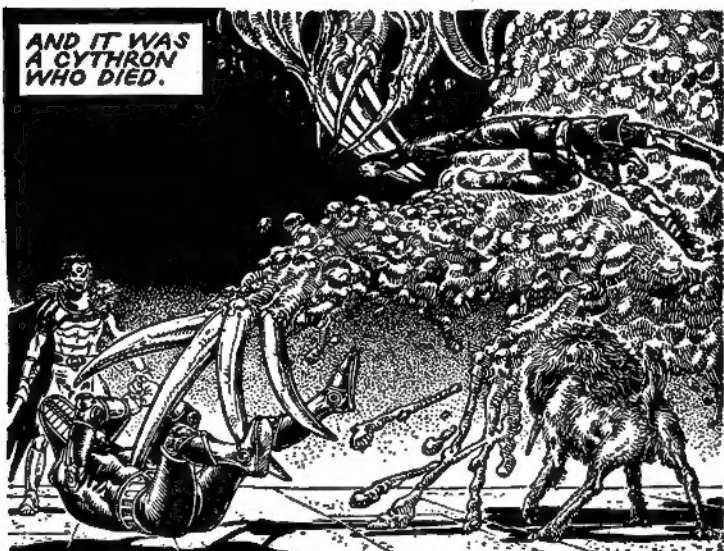
EVEN AS THE DARK GOD WALKS THROUGH THE WORLD OF MEN, HE IS OMNIPRESENT ON THE WORLDS WITHIN THE EARTH...

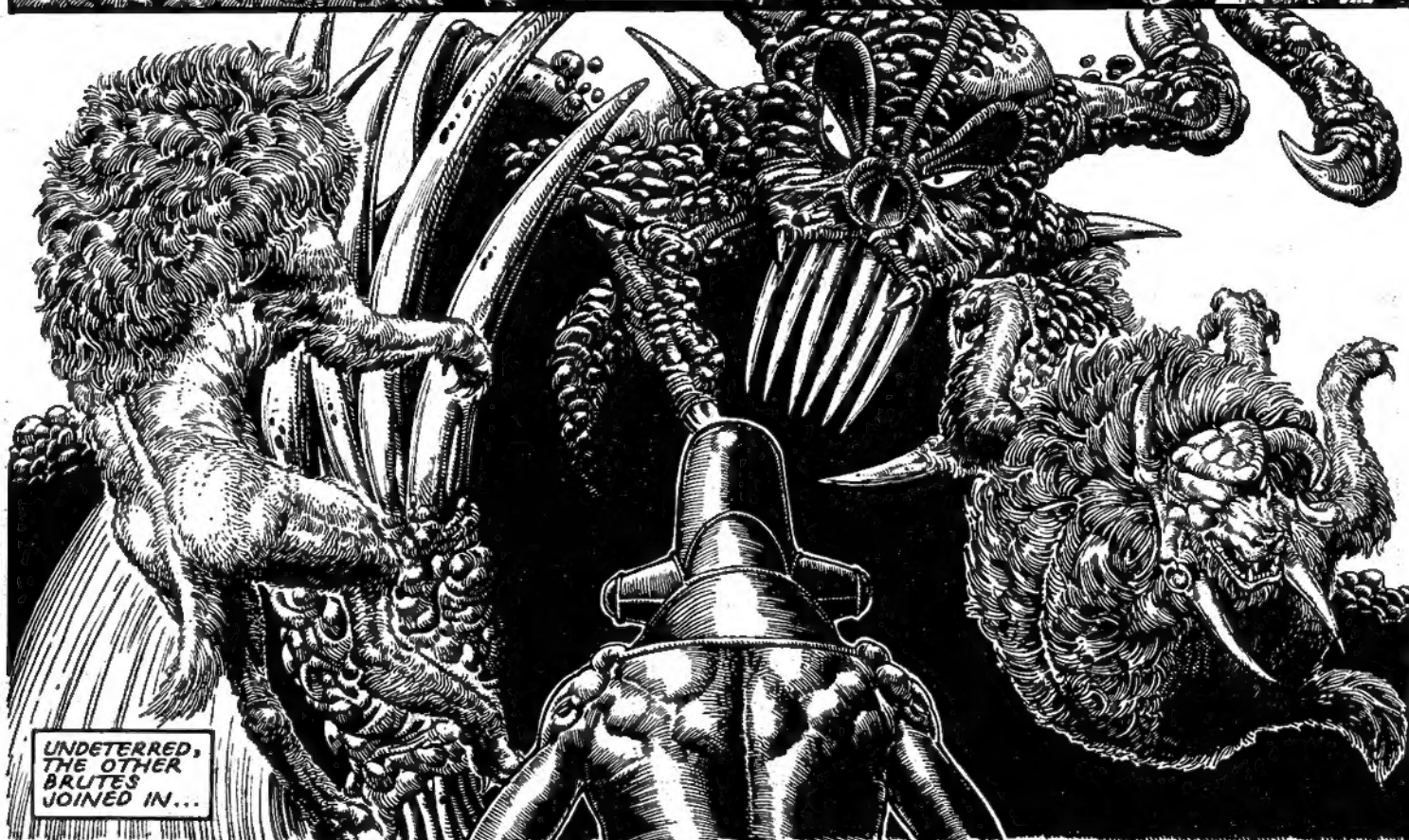
THE WORLDS OF MACROBES...

"THE DEAD..."

"AND THE GATEWAY TO THE STARS!"

SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: GLENN FABRY
LETTERING: STEVE POTTER

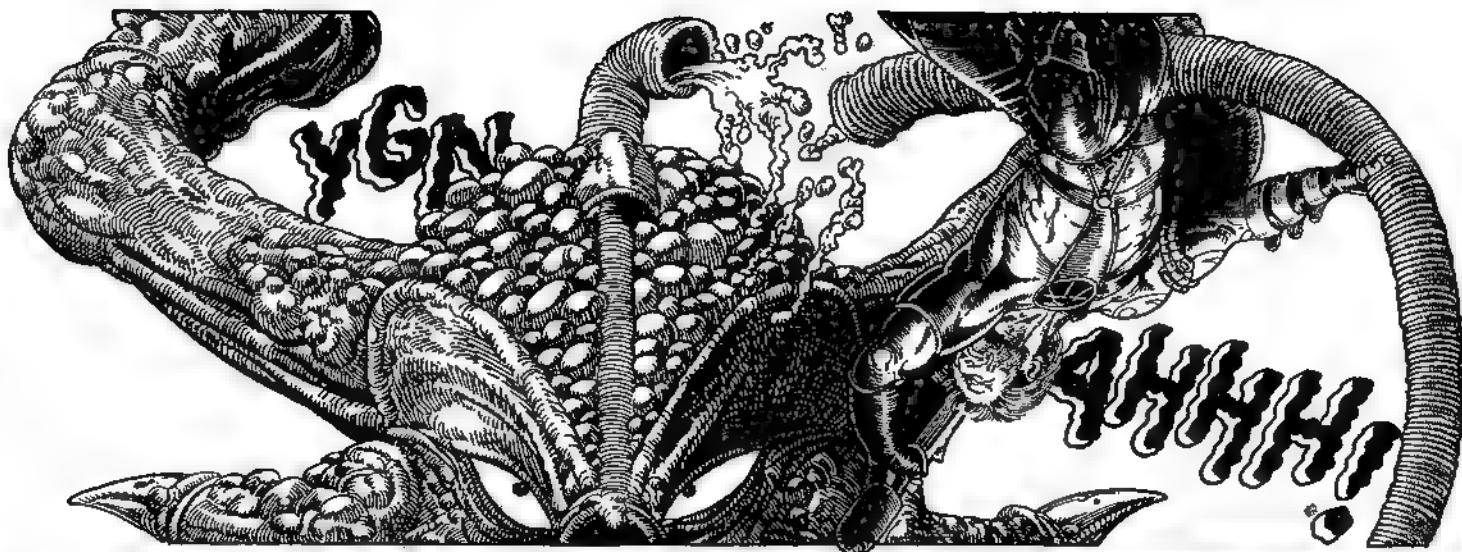






I CAN'T RISK
IT. THE DARK
GOD IS IN
THE WAY.







QUICKLY! WE MUST ESCAPE—BEFORE GRIMNISMAL WARPS OUT OF EXISTENCE!

I DIDN'T THINK HE LOOKED WELL!



THE ENERGY RELEASED WILL CONSUME THIS TOMB AND EVERYONE IN IT!

LEAVE THAT TREASURE, UKKO! UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE A RICH CORPSE...

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT...



...IT'S GREED THAT KEEPS HIM GOING!

AT THAT MOMENT, THE GULEDIS ENTERED THE VAULT...



GRIMNISMAL!



HE DOESN'T KNOW ME!



HE DOESN'T KNOW ANY OF US! HIS MIND HAS GONE!

IT WAS IRONIC THAT IN THE END... SLAINE HAD DRIVEN THE DARK GOD INSANE!

NEXT PROG:
ESCAPE!

WARRIOR KINGS PART 14

Game: Pat Mills. Art: Garry Leach and Una Fricker.

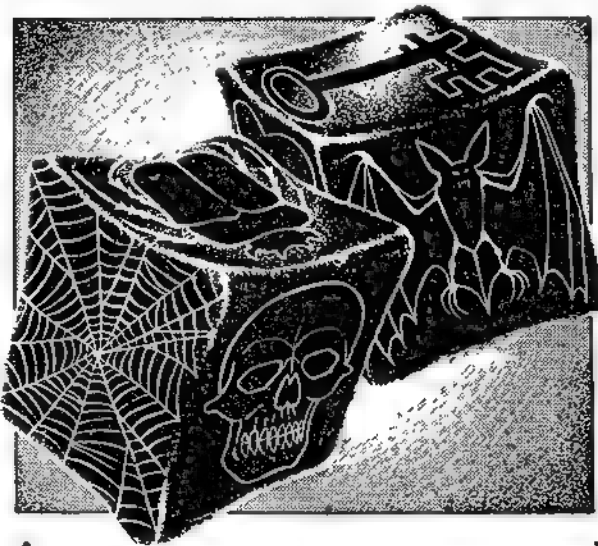
LAST WEEK

YOUR WARP RATING: _____

TREASURE: _____

OBJECTS FOUND: _____

GRIMNISMAL'S WARP RATING:
(From Part 13)



At the end of the last episode, you stood a chance of being driven stark, staring mad by the sight of the Dark God in all his horrific splendour. This is decided here by the ancient system of casting lots - fortune telling by dice.

If YOU rolled...

1...THE WEB

This signifies illusion, traps and confusion. Your brain cannot absorb the sight of the nine-dimensional horror and you are turned into a gibbering imbecile. **Your quest has failed.**

2...THE SKULL

This signifies death or a sudden change. You are so shocked by the sight of the Dark God as he really exists that you lose 14 warp points.

3...THE HEART

This signifies triumph and romance. You triumph over the sight of the Dark God.

4...THE KEY

This signifies good fortune and doors opening for you. You are unaffected by the sight of the Dark God. (It also means something in the final episode next week - if you get there - so make a note of it.)

5...THE SCARAB

This signifies good indications and strength. You are unaffected by the sight of the Dark God. (It also means you have hidden reserves of strength...add +1 to your combat throws.)

6...THE BAT

This signifies uncertainty. A shadow which can mean good or evil. **Roll again.**

THIS WEEK

After escaping your Cythron guards and retrieving your sword, your battle with the Dark God continues - similar to the action in the story.

You roll the dice in the normal way and deduct damage caused, noting it in the appropriate column of the Combat Chart. But follow

the **special instructions** (mentioned last week) where Grimnismal will sometimes **attack first** and where there are **different combat adds** (and subtracts) on the dice. Do not increase your total by your usual (average) combat add. (If you rolled a 5 earlier - the Scarab - add +1 to all combat rolls.) There is also space (No 8) for your own idea on how to attack Grimnismal. Judge yourself whether your idea would work and its value - comparing it with previous examples - and fill in 8 **before starting**. If you don't have any ideas, skip 8 and go straight to 9.

COMBAT CHART	Combat Add	Grim Damage	You Damage
1) Grimnismal spits a dog out and jumps on you. You are thrown to the ground.	+2 -1	NO DAMAGE	
2) Grimnismal wrestles you to the ground, biting, kicking and clawing you. You bite back.	+2 +1		

COMBAT CHART	Combat Add	Grim Damage	You Damage
3) Still rolling on the ground Grinnismal bites, nicks and claws you. You still bite back.	+2 +1		
4) Grinnismal gets to his feet first and tries to kick you below the belt. You do a backwards somersault to avoid.	+4 +1	NO DAMAGE	
5) He tries to claw your face. You try to chop his paw off.	+1		
6) You're on your feet and call on the Earth Goddess to aid you. For one brief moment, you feel a massive surge of Earth Power seething through you. You direct a mighty jet of fire at Grinnismal's face. He tries to jump to one side.	+10		NO DAMAGE
7) His tentacles snake towards you. If they touch you, they will suck your blood like leeches. You try to hack through them.	+4 +1		
8) He slips on his own blood and falls to the ground. Taking advantage of this, you	-1		NO DAMAGE
9) He recovers and tries to bite you in the throat. You aim for his eyes.	+2		
10) You try to hack through another feed tube. He tries to block the blow with his claws. If your score is higher, you have succeeded - forget the difference between your dice rolls and simply deduct 50 warp points from Grinnismal.	+1 +2		NO DAMAGE
TOTAL:			

Deduct the damage you have inflicted on each other from your warp ratings.

If Grinnismal's warp rating is **125 or less**...He now becomes dimensionally unstable and will warp out at any moment destroying himself. **Your long, hard quest has succeeded! Go to ESCAPE.**

If Grinnismal's warp rating is **more than 125**...He has enough energy to regenerate and is no longer reliant on his feed tubes. His warp rating increases to an incredible 10,000 with a +50 combat add! Effortlessly he destroys you - thrusting his claws into your stomach. Then he sets about destroying the world. **Your quest has failed.**

ESCAPE

You're in a terrible state after your battle with Grinnismal, but you've achieved the impossible and mortally wounded Earth's greatest threat. Your companions look admiringly at you as you stagger, exhausted, towards them. You brush aside their congratulations - you still have to escape before Grinnismal warps

out, destroying the tomb and everyone in it. Do not add Grinnismal's rating of 500 points to your own **until he has warped out.**

You head up a staircase, set in the West wall of the Tomb Room. At the end of it you reach a 'crossroads'. You can keep going down the passage ahead (West), take the right passage (North), or the left passage (South). Indicate your choice and discover next week if you have survived the Tomb of Terror.

Will you go...?

A) North... B) West... C) South...

YOUR FINAL WARP RATING:

TREASURE:

OBJECTS FOUND:

NEXT PROG: WARP OUT!

3
ON THE AIR
STUDIO
FZZAKK!

ON THE AIR

"Dear God,
when you read this you'll know I'm dead.
Sorry to be so late, but you
won't be as a priest."

OUR NEXT GUEST ON THE
BREAKFAST SHOW IS POP
STAR - VID STAR - AUTHOR -
AND GENERAL COOL GUY ABOUT
TOWN, ROMEO NEPP.

I know you're always so... j... I like things
too so... I'd

"Relax. Stop worrying. There's no point
fighting. You can't beat Justice Dept."
That's your motto, isn't it, Cort?

ROMEO, HOW MANY WOMEN
WOULD YOU SAY YOU'VE
LOVED?

I'M BISHOP
DESMOND SNOGRASS.
ACTUALLY.

LETTER FROM A DEMOCRAT

Well, I can't tell you
that anyone...

THE STUDIO HAS
TWO SECURITY
DROIDS. READY
TO TAKE 'EM?

CHECK!

CHECK!

YOU OKAY,
HESTER?

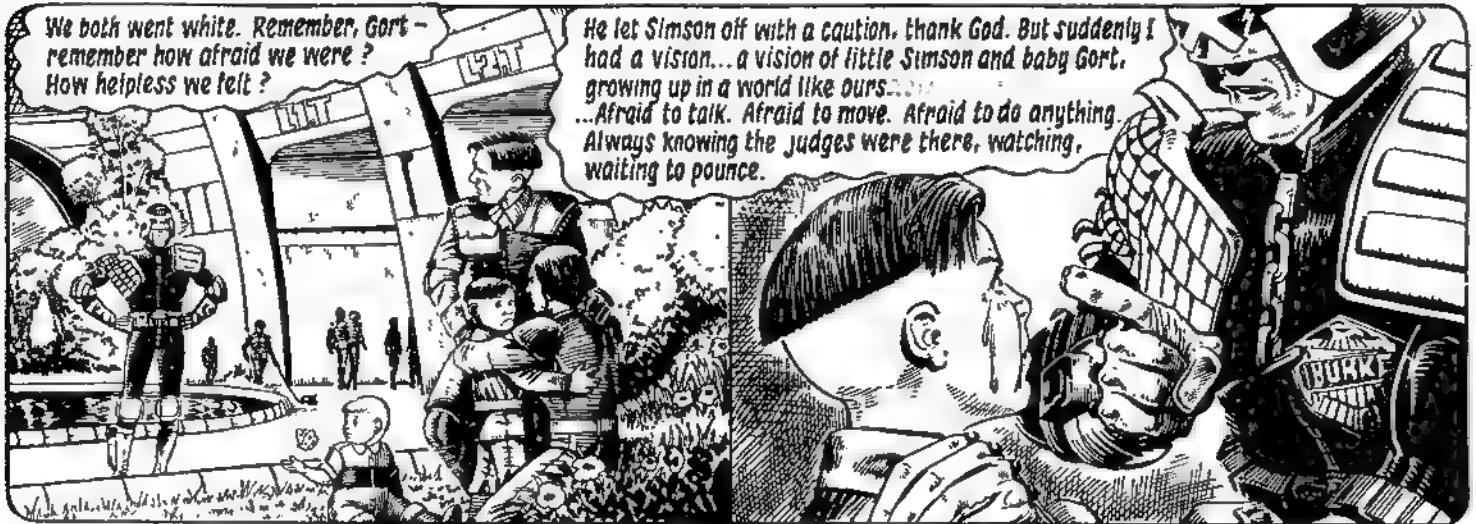
A LITTLE
NERVOUS
I'LL COPE.

RIGHT
LET'S DO IT!

DEMOCRACY!

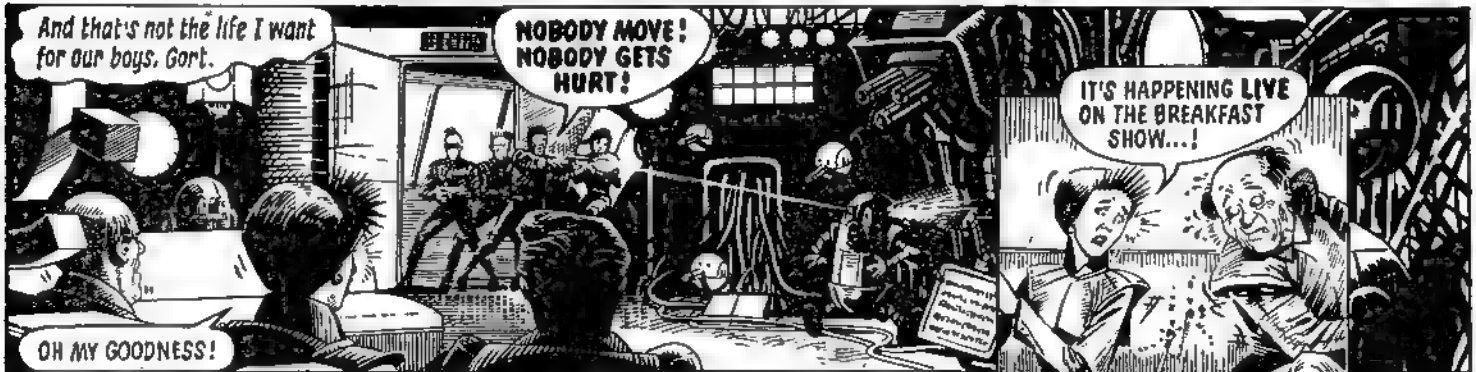
I don't know
when I first
began to think
of taking
action...

...I suppose it was that time when
we were picnicking in the block park
and little Simson threw his ball and
it hit that judge...



We both went white. Remember, Gort - remember how afraid we were? How helpless we felt?

He let Simson off with a caution, thank God. But suddenly I had a vision... a vision of little Simson and baby Gort, growing up in a world like ours...
...Afraid to talk. Afraid to move. Afraid to do anything. Always knowing the judges were there, watching, waiting to pounce.



And that's not the life I want for our boys, Gort.

NOBODY MOVE!
NOBODY GETS HURT!

IT'S HAPPENING LIVE ON THE BREAKFAST SHOW...!

OH MY GOODNESS!



YOU! KEEP THAT CAMERA ROLLING OR MISS CUTESY-CUTESY GETS SCRAMBLED BRAINS FOR BREAKFAST!

HESTER! READ THE MESSAGE!

WE, THE MEMBERS OF THE **DEMOCRATIC TENDENCY**, BELIEVE THE TIME HAS COME TO STAND AGAINST THE **TYRANNY OF THE JUDGES!**

IT IS TIME TO REMOVE POWER FROM OUR SELF-ELECTED OVERLORDS AND RETURN IT WHERE IT BELONGS - IN THE HANDS OF THE PEOPLE!

SHADDUP!

WE DEMAND A NEW **CHARTER** FOR THE CITIZENS OF MEGA-CITY ONE...



ONE - AN IMMEDIATE RETURN TO DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES. THE PEOPLE MUST CONTROL THE JUDGES! THE JUDGES SHOULD NOT CONTROL THE PEOPLE!

TERRORIST ATTACK, CHANNEL 48!



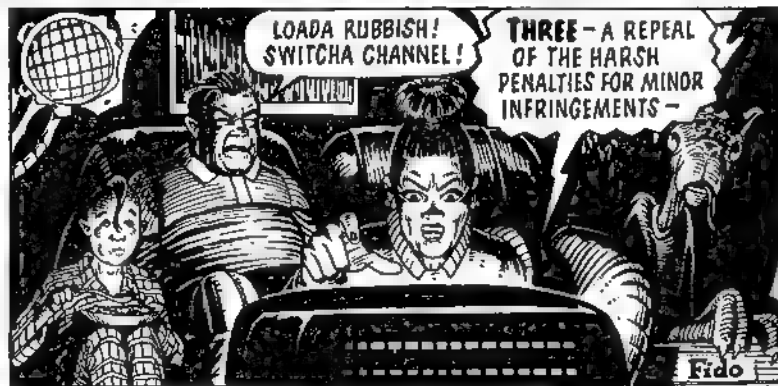
ATTENTION ALL UNITS VICINITY 48 BUILDING! HOSTAGE SITUATION IN PROGRESS!



DREDD RESPONDING!



9TH FLOOR! STUDIO B!



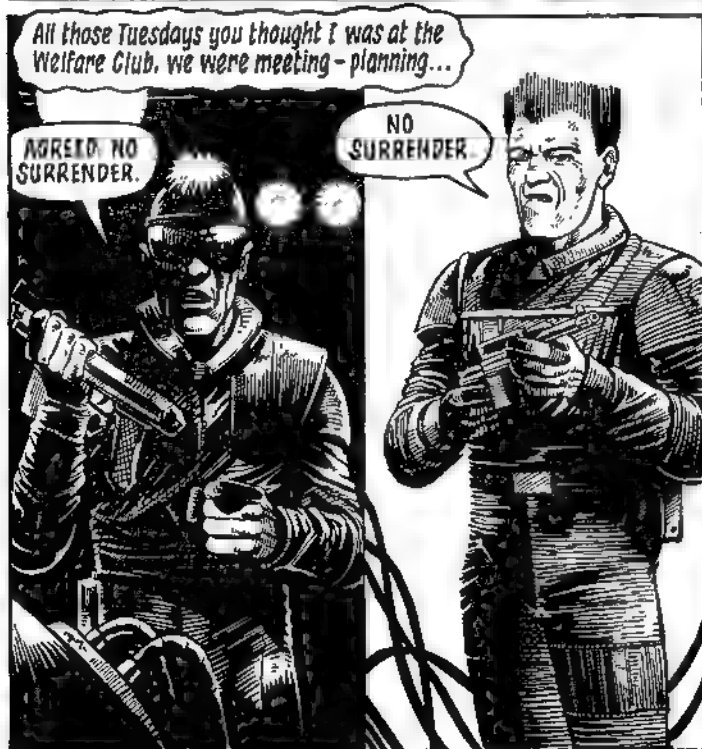
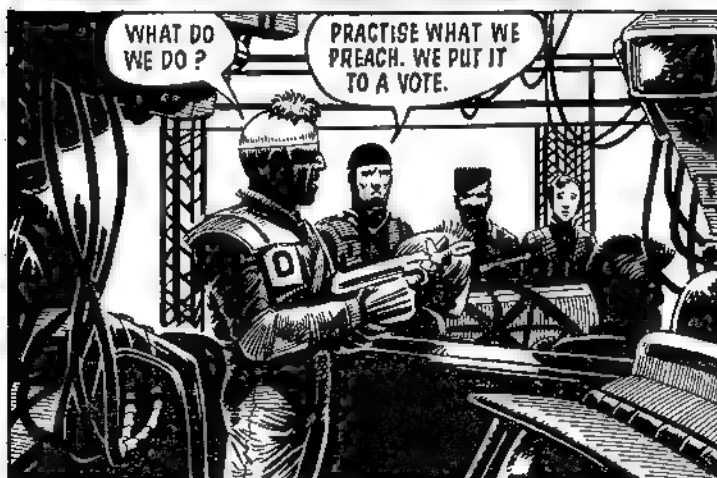
LOADA RUBBISH! SWITCHA CHANNEL!

THREE - A REPEAL OF THE HARSH PENALTIES FOR MINOR INFRINGEMENTS -

Fido



THE DEMOCRATIC TENDENCY HAVE TAKEN THIS ACTION WITH GREAT RELUCTANCE. WE HAVE HURT NO ONE. WE ARE MERELY TRYING TO STAND UP FOR THE PRINCIPLES OF FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY.





NO EXIT

YOU WANT US,
HITLER,
COME AND
GET US!

DONE.

RAAAAAHH!

DEMOCRACY
OR...

...DEATH...

BLOCK

WE FOUND THIS
LETTER ON YOUR
WIFE'S BODY. WHAT DO
YOU KNOW ABOUT HER
INVOLVEMENT WITH
THE DEMOCRATS?



I-I'D NO IDEA...

SHE TOLD ME TO WATCH THE BREAKFAST SHOW THIS MORNING. I-I DIDN'T KNOW WHY UNTIL... UNTIL...



SHE WASN'T A BAD WOMAN, JUDGE PREDD. SHE JUST HAD THESE CRAZY, MIXED-UP IDEAS...

THEN LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU, CITIZEN. DEMOCRACY'S NOT FOR THE PEOPLE.



CONTROL! RECKON GORT HYMAN'S IN THE CLEAR.

BETTER KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON THE TWO BOYS, THOUGH. NO TELLING WHAT BAD HABITS THEY'VE PICKED UP FROM THEIR MOTHER.

ONE BAD APPLE, EH? WILCO.



Am I wrong, Gort, leaving you and the boys when you need me most? And for what - a futile gesture?

If I am, please forgive me. But you see, darling, somebody's got to speak up. Somebody's got to start the ball rolling or things will never change.

Kiss the boys goodbye for me. Tell them I loved them. There's nothing I would have liked better than to stay and watch them grow up.

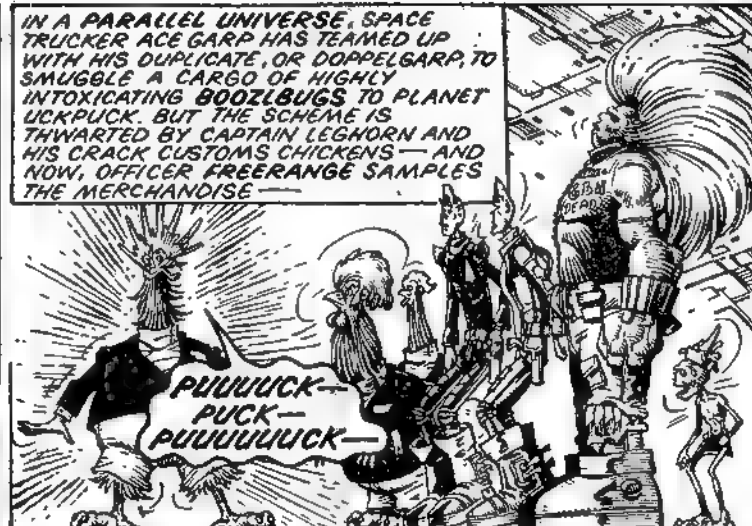
But what kind of mother could stand by and see her babies grow up into frightened, beaten people like us?

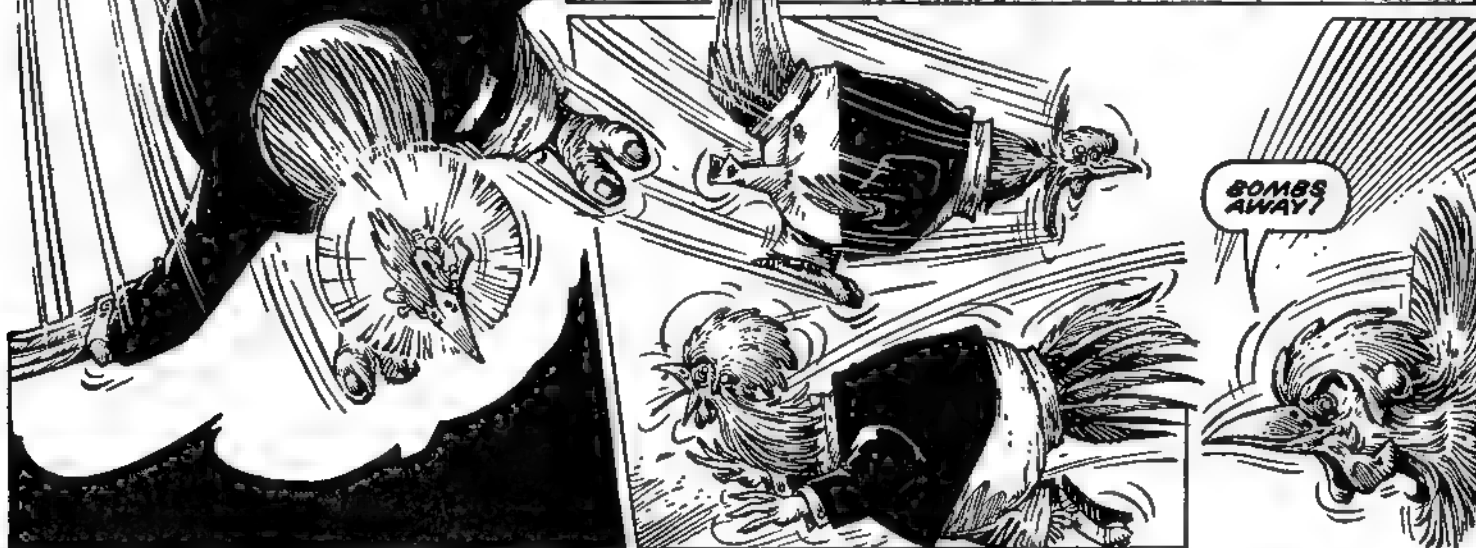
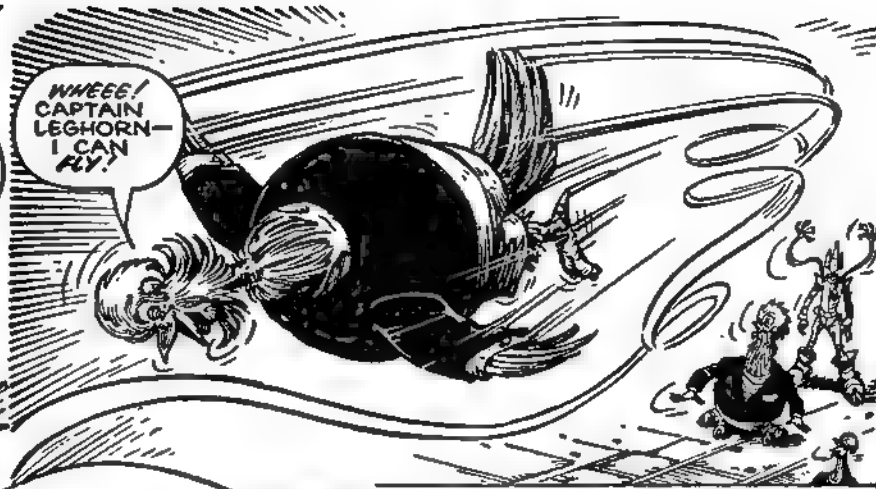
Goodbye, Gort.
Your loving wife,
Hester

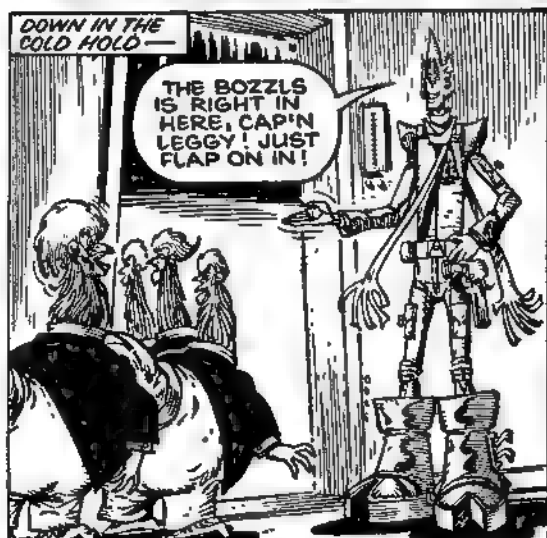
NEXT PROG: THE FALUCCI TAPE!

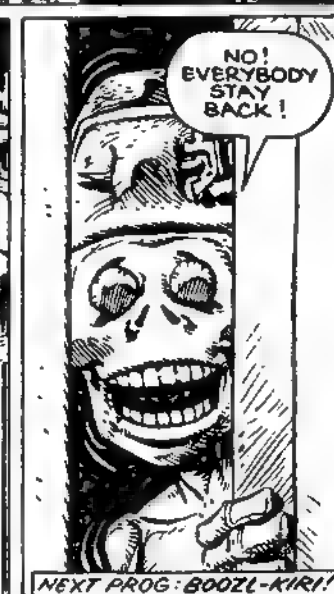
ACE TRUCKING CO. The Doppelgarp

IN A PARALLEL UNIVERSE, SPACE TRUCKER ACE GARP HAS TEAMED UP WITH HIS DUPLICATE, OR DOPELGARP, TO SMUGGLE A CARGO OF HIGHLY INTOXICATING BOOZLBUGS TO PLANET UCKPUCK. BUT THE SCHEME IS THWARTED BY CAPTAIN LEGHORN AND HIS CRACK CUSTOMS CHICKENS—AND NOW, OFFICER FREERANGE SAMPLES THE MERCHANDISE—









STROTIUM PAGE

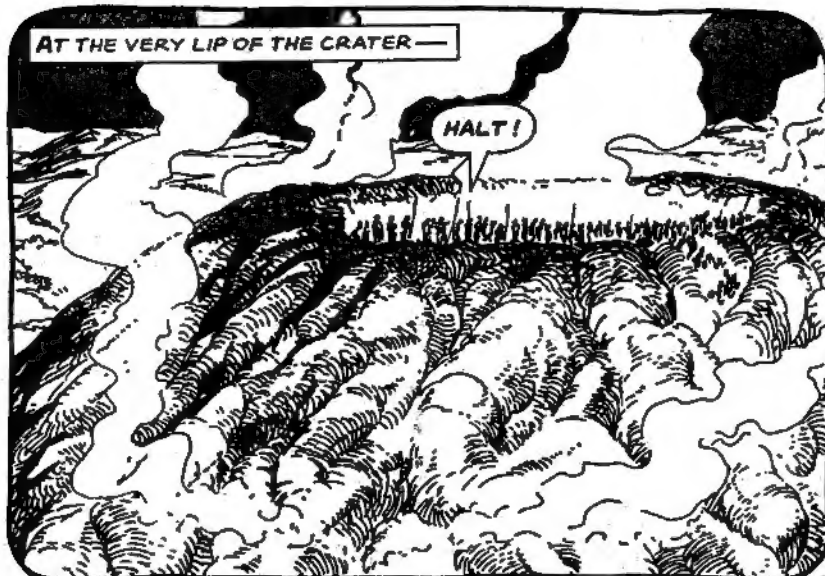




JOHN EXPLAINS THE SITUATION AS BEST HE CAN —









THE NEW MASTERS

CAM KENNEDY
[1944-]

